

The Wandring Jew ;

OR,

The Shoemaker of *Ierufam*, w^ho lived when our Sauour Christ
was crucified, and appoynted by him to live untill his comming againe.
To the tune of, *The Ladies Fall*.



When as in faire *Ierusalem*
our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the sins of all the world,
his owne deare life did giue ;
The wicked Jewes with scoffs and scoznes
did daily him molest,
That never till he left his life,
our Saviour could have rest.

When they had crown'd his head with
and scourg'd him in disgrace, (thous,
In scoznsfull sort they led him forth
unto his dying place,
Where thousand thousands in the street
beheld him passe along,
Yet not one gentle heart was there
that pittied thus his wrong.

Both old and young rebiled him,
as in the streets he went,
And nothing sound but churlish taunts,
by every ones consent :
His owne dear Crosse he boze himseffe,
a burthen far too great,
Which made him in the streets to saint,
and blood and water sweat.

Being weary, thus he sought to rest
and ease his burthen'd Soule
Upon a stone, the which a wretch
did churlishly controule ;
And said, away thou King of Jewes,
thou shalt not rest thee here,
Passe on, thy execution place
thou see'st now drawe nere.

And hereupon he thrust him thence,
at which our Saviour said
I sure will rest, but thou shalt waike,
and have no journey staid :
With that this curld Shoemaker,
for offering Christ this wrong,
Left Wife and Children, house and all,
and went from thence along.

Where after he had seene the blood
of Jesus Christ thus shed,
And to the Crosse his body nayld,
away with speed he fled,
Without returning back againe
unto his dwelling place,
But wandering up and downe the world,
a runnagate most base.

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To the tune of, *The Ladies Fall*.



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That never till he lost his life,
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When they had crown'd his head with
and scourg'd him in disgrace, (thous,
In scornfull sort they led him forth
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Where thousand thousands in the street
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And nothing sound but churlish taunts,
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His owne dear Crosse he bore himseffe,
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Which made him in the streets to saint,
and blood and water sweat.

Being weary, thus he sought to rest
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Upon a stone, the which a wretch
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And said, away thou King of Jewes,
thou shalt not rest thee here,
Passe on, thy execution place
thou see'st now draweth nere.

And hereupon he thrust him thence,
at which our Saviour said
I sure will rest, but thou shalt waike,
and have no journey staid :
With that this cursed Shoemaker,
for offering Christ this wrong,
Left Wife and Children, house and all,
and went from thence along.

Where after he had seene the blood
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And to the Crosse his body naid,
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Without returning back againe
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The Second part; to the same tune.

No resting could he find at all,
no ease of hearts content,
No house, no home nor hyding place,
but wandring forth he went,
From Town to Town in foraign Lands
with grieved Conscience still,
Repenting soze the hainous guilt
of his soze-past ill.

Thus after some few Ages past,
in wandring up and downe,
He much againe desir'd to see
Jerusalems renew'd:
But finding it all quite destroy'd,
he wandred thence with woe,
Our Saviours words which he had spoke
to verifie and shew.

He rest (saith he) but thou shalt walke,
so doth this wandring Jew
From place to place, but cannot stay,
for seeking Countries new:
Declaring still the power of him,
whereas he comes and goes.
And of all things done in the East
since Christ his death, he shewes.

The world he hath halfe compass round,
and sene those Nations strange,
That hearing of the Name of Christ,
their Idoll gods doe change:
To whom he hath told wondrous things,
of times soze-past and gone,
And to the Princes of the world
declares his cause of mone;

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,
and yeld his mortall breath:
But yet the Lord hath thus decreed,
he shall not yet see death;
For neither looks he old or young,
but as he did those times
When Christ did suffer on the Crosse
for mortall sinners Crimes.

He passed many a foraigne place,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
and through all Hungaria:
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
those blest Apostles sene;
Where he hath told our Saviours words
in Countries farre and nere.

And lately in Bohemia,
with many a German Towne,
And now in Flanders, as is thought,
he wandreth up and downe:
Where learned men with him confers,
of these his lingring dayes.
And wandring much, to heare him tell
his journeys and his wayes.

If people giveth this Jew an Almes,
the most that he will take
Is not above a Groat a time,
which he for Jesus sake
Will kindly give unto the poore,
and thereof make no spare.
Affirming still, that Jesus Christ
of him hath dayly care.

He nere was sene to laugh nor smile,
but wepe and make great mone,
Lamenting still his miseries,
and dayes soze-past and gone.
If he heard any one blaspheme,
and take Gods Name in vaine,
He tells them that they crucifie
their Master Christ againe.

If you had sene him dye, sayes he,
as these mine eyes have done,
Ten thousand times a day would ye
his torments thinke upon,
And suffer for his sake all paine,
all torments, and all woes;
These are his words, and this his life,
whereas he comes and goes.

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FINIS.

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